The Strangest Looking Possum: A Helluva Boss Fanfiction by QuaintCapp

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Summary:

(NOTE: This is a short sequel to my other fanfiction, “Stranded Hound: A Helluva Boss Fanfiction” which can be found on my profile.)

Moxxie is sent by Blitzø to “retrieve” (more like steal) parts for the lever-action rifle that he had acquired from Jim the month prior. Little does he know that, in Blitzø’s infinite intellect, he had been sent to steal from Jim’s property, which Jim, quite understandably, didn’t much appreciate.

Notes:

Hello, this is QuaintCapp.
I decided to write another much shorter fanfiction based on my previously written and much longer fanfic, “Stranded Hound”, which can be found on my profile. This one takes place after the Epilogue of the last work, roughly a week or so later.

Work Text:

“C’mon, c’mon, where is it? Dammit, Sir, you said it would be here!”

Moxxie searched quietly yet frantically throughout this most foreign house, zipping through every draw and cupboard he could possibly find. His assignment was “clear”; find the appropriate parts for the old Lever-Action Rifle that Blitz had acquired from Jim from the month prior. Moxxie knew his firearms well, and he knew for certain that the parts he was finding, such as rifle bolts and wooden stocks, were absolutely inadequate to replace the worn-out ones on Blitz’s new favorite.

He had tried convincing his boss that the model and make that he had acquired was too old, thus meaning that there was a very slim chance that parts for the aforementioned rifle were still being produced. This information obviously fell on deaf (and stubborn) ears, as Blitz still insisted on the imp going to find new parts in this strange land in the living world which he now found himself in on the “promise” of a raise of his salary - now, how could he say “no” to that?

As Moxxie made his way through the house, he swore something familiar felt about it; was it because it was positioned in an environment much like Millie’s childhood home? Is it because it felt ‘homely’? Had he heard of the house’s description somewhere else? He couldn’t quite figure it out.

He didn’t need to think for too long as he felt a presence behind him as he was about to make his way into what appeared to be a laundry at the end of a long hallway. Moxxie froze, feeling every hair on his body stand up, his eyes widening in anticipation. Although there was no sound, he knew with near certainty that someone was towering over him, mere feet away from him. The silence was deafening, the air tensening around him, as he suddenly began to hear slow but heavy footsteps behind him, stopping about two feet away from him. Shortly after the footsteps stopped, Moxxie heard a growling voice:

“What the fuck are you?”

This was when Moxxie’s composure nearly cracked, anxiety rushing over him. He raises his hands above his head, surrendering to the presence behind him. He was shaking violently, anxiously waiting for whatever pain was about to be inflicted upon him. His heart was thumping in his chest, the only sound emanating in his ears, until the voice spoke again:

“A quiet little bastard, hey? Turn around, but slowly. Any sudden movements, and I turn your head into a fine mist.”

Moxxie did so, slowly turning around for what felt like an eternity with brief tears forming in his eyes, the anxiety almost overwhelming him. He felt completely helpless and nearing his fate at the end of whatever firearm this presence was holding in his hands. He finally turns around with his hands shaking nervously, his face drenched with sweat, at last able to see the presence behind him.

It was a man much taller than him, wearing a red-buttoned up shirt, black trousers and a pair of brown boots covered in dirt and grime, all topped off with a broadbrim hat which sat on his head. His face wore a threatening, tense scowl as he eyed the imp below him at the end of his rifle. Upon seeing that his fate was almost sealed, Moxxie closed his eyes tightly, beginning to whimper as he was currently unarmed, completely helpless. He waited for the inevitable… but the inevitable never came, as the man once again spoke:

“Just a minute… I recognise you,” the man stated, lowering his aim slightly, as his scowl turned into a squint, trying to recognise where he had seen this miniscule intruder’s face before.

Moxxie opened his eyes slowly, still so incredibly terrified, looking up at the man’s face with nervous confusion; “W-what?”

“You’re Moxxie, aren’t you,” the voice inquired, breaking the rifle’s aim and holding it in both hands.

“W-wha-... h-how do you…” Moxxie spluttered, who was also

beginning to oddly recognise the towering man's face; "I… are you… h-hang on, didn't you s-save Loona's life a month or so ago?"

The man's brow raised, at last being able to confirm with certainty that this intruder was, indeed, one of Loona's associates he had been told about the month prior. He eyes the creature who was still shaking with terror, sweat beading down his face. The young man nods rigidly, his demeanor loosening up a little.

"That would be me," Jim confirmed; "I'm Jim, the owner of this house - this house which you have broken into. So tell me, what are you doing here, matey," he grunted, not trusting Moxxie's intentions.

Moxxie relaxed slightly, though still obviously very nervous, his knees weak and he felt as if he was about to pass out. With a nervous stare and a gulp, the imp finally explains himself:

"M-my boss sent me here…he said that… t-that you would have parts for a "Lever-Action Rifle" you gave to him."

"Ohh, that tosser," Jim asked, his brow raised in realization; "Right, so he couldn't come himself so he sent your arse. Well, matey, sorry to break it to you, but he's an idiot; the rifle's too old - he'll have to get someone to fabricate some new parts for him."

"H-hah… t-that's what I figured," Moxxie half-laughed, still holding his hands in the air.

"You can lower your arms, mate, I'm not going to shoot you," Jim informed Moxxie who did so, sighing as he felt his muscles loosen to his relief.

"I'm truly sorry, S-sir-" Moxxie stuttered before being cut off abruptly by Jim.

"Nah, none of this 'Sir' stuff, just call me Jim," the homeowner reassured, turning around to put his Lee Enfield in the cabinet where it usually sat.

"R-right, sir- ah, I mean, J-Jim," Moxxie half laughed, not sure whether or not to move; "I'm truly sorry for breaking into your

house. B-Blitz said that you wouldn't notice or care."

Hearing this, Jim glanced at Moxxie with a dumbfounded look on his face, not truly believing what he was hearing; "What? Of course someone's going to notice whether or not something is stolen! Fucking hell- I knew he's an idiot, never knew he was that stupid!"

"Hey, you can't talk about him that way," Moxxie refuted.

"What? Because he's your boss? Why isn't he here covering your arse in case I shot you, then," Jim refuted, raising his eyebrow.

"…that's probably a good point," Moxxie capitulated, rubbing the back of his head in consideration.

Jim shook his head as he finally locked the Lee Enfield Rifle away, gesturing for Moxxie to come outside, which he did so, not wanting to get on Jim's bad side, being unarmed and all.

"Sit down," Jim instructed, gesturing to the steps which lead up to the veranda, which Moxxie promptly did so, looking out towards the horizon.

Jim sat next to the imp on the other side of the steps, trying to figure out what he looked like. He smirked, chuckling slightly before speaking; "you know, Moxxie, I'll tell you what you remind me of - one of them Brush-Tailed Possums."

Moxxie huffed, turning his head towards the man with a hint of frustration in his voice: "You know how many times people have mistaken me for something like that? It's always 'possum', or 'rat', or Loona's favourite; "a fat fuck"," Moxxie huffs to the small amusement of the homeowner.

"Hah! Fat? As I said to your boss a month ago, you really don't look fat," Jim concedes to the relief of Moxxie.

"Right!?" Moxxie agrees, pointing down to his waistline with both hands.

"How is she anyway, Loona, I mean," Jim asks with curiosity; "She was here last week with another friend of hers, 'Octavia' I think her

name was."

Moxxie looked up at Jim on the other side of the stairs, raising his brow; "She's doing good. A-actually, come to think of it… she's changed, in the good way I mean, ever since she came back from being stuck here. She hasn't been giving me as much crap as she used to, you know what I mean?"

"So I heard," Jim admits.

"W-well obviously Loona can still be moody and abrupt, but it's not as… intense. She still drinks, but, well, she doesn't drink until she gets black-out drunk, which to be honest has surprised all of us," Moxxie continues.

"Ah, yeah," Jim asks, listening in.

"Y-yeah! What did you do to her," Moxxie asks, raising his brow.

Jim shrugs; "Nothing, just accommodated her here, you know? Didn't even know she was, well, a hellhound until she accidentally revealed it to me when I came home on the fourth day."

"Huh…" Moxxie concedes, observing his surroundings, "Well, I guess… thank you for making her… improve."

"Ah, look," Jim explains; "sometimes people need something to happen to them until they wise up; in Loona's case, that "something" was getting stuck here."

Moxxie nods, scratching his arms before looking out into the tree line, searching for something.

"What," Jim asks, curious of the imp's sudden fixation.

"Nothing, just waiting to be picked up," Moxxie explains; "They should've been here by now."

"Who, your boss?"

"Blitz? No, Millie and Loona. They said they'd be here "shortly", whatever that means," Moxxie emphasised.

“Ah shit, don’t tell me you’re stuck here now,” Jim groans, shaking his head at the possibility.

“Hah, n-now that would be just great,” Moxxie concedes, before at last noticing a pair of very familiar figures jogging up towards them from the tree line.

“Oh thank goodness, nope, here they are,” Moxxie sighs in relief, getting up and walking down to meet Millie.

The approaching imp ran towards him and scooped him up from his feet, swinging him around and giving him a massive smooch, which Jim could tell made his home intruder melt.

Loona, meanwhile, approached Jim, waving her hand slightly; “Hey, Jim; sorry for coming unannounced, got to pick up that little shit over there,” the hellhound announced, gesturing to the two figures behind her.

“Yeah, nah, no worries,” Jim acknowledges; “Advise Blitz not to send people to come steal from my place, yeah?”

Loona chuckles; “I don’t think I could convince him of anything, but I’ll try.”

Jim nods, noticing the two imps approaching where Jim stood, Millie admiring the surroundings before approaching the homeowner.

“My, look at this,” Millie remarked with a southern drawl; “neat place you got here!”

“Thanks,” Jim replied; “I don’t appreciate people trying to take things without me knowing, though; I almost shot him.”

This made Millie freeze, who glared at the homeowner with a look that could maim; “What?”

Loona backed away cautiously while Moxxie tried to calm her down; “Mills, it’s okay, he didn’t - I probably shouldn’t have listened to Blitz.”

“You. Almost. Did. What,” Millie repeated bluntly, slowly approaching Jim who really did not like how she was looking at him.

“I didn’t know who it was,” Jim confessed, raising his hands up to calm the imp now approaching him slowly; “I apologize. Look, we sat down and everything, waiting for you two.”

Millie stopped, glaring at Jim and slowly nodding, not blinking once; “Okay… count yourself lucky, sir.” Suddenly, her demeanor lightened up as she linked back up with Moxxie who was ready to leave.

“Sorry about her,” Loona said on Millie’s behalf; “she LOVES that Moxxie, in case you couldn’t tell.”

Jim waved his hand in dismissal; “nah you’re all good.”

“Alright, you two, get moving,” Loona announced with a huff, leading the small group of three as they made their way back down into the tree line to return home.

Before they completely left Loona turned around briefly to Jim, calling out; “I’ll see you in a month’s time, yeah?”

“Righto! See you then,” Jim called out, finally seeing them vanish out of his sight.

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